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V. JOSEPH & CO., Wholesale and Retail
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to furnish a Stock of Goods as they have ever
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Particular attention will be paid to all orders from Dealers, and all persons purchasing Dry Goods, by way of Retail, are respectfully invited to call and examine.

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GARDEN and Flower Seeds, Long Orange Carrot
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GARDEN SEEDS
LONG ORANGE CARROT SEED;

White Field do.
Lange Wurzel do.
do. do.
do. do.
For sale in papers and by the pound.

April 29, 1866. — J. D. JOHN MEANS & CO.

WM. F. TENNEY & CO.,
RAILROAD HALL, HAYMARKET SQUARE,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

We have now in store, and will be constantly receiving
on the season, from the principal and best manufac-
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CARPETS,
Desirable for Furnishing Hotels, Drawings and Sit-
ting Rooms.

Felvet Tapestry, Persian Tapestry,
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PAINTED CARPETS, BOCKINGS, MATTINGS, &c.
Comprising a very large assortment of all which we
offer at the most advantageous market prices.

KILBURN & BARTON,
No. 3 Bridge's Block, West-end, London, W.
We would call the attention of customers to their
Spring and Summer Goods, which, like
usually, are sold at a discount.

[illegible]

Pressure. The Lake Shore Express has ample room to view Niagara Falls and the magnificent West Nile Railway Suspension Bridge spanning the Niagara River. The full view of the Falls, affording a more grand and sublime view than anywhere else in the world, is N. B. No other line West runs within 25 miles of Niagara or Suspension Bridge.

The Mammoth Suspension Bridge at Niagara Completed!


This Magnificent Structure has been erected at a cost of \$1,000,000 and is now ready to justify itself as to be the Greatest Work of Modern Times, and contains the most skillful Engineers to be as safe, strong and reliable as any bridge ever constructed.

CAUTION. Persons wishing reliable information should apply to the following:

Statements circulated in Handbills, signed by Agents of the Lake Shore Railroad, saying that there is no Ferrying on the Lake Shore Line from Buffalo to Niagara, and that the only way to reach Niagara—or that Niagara is reached through from Chicago—is that there has been a reduction of Fare on the Lake Shore Railroad, and that the Lake Shore Route is all failing, and the perpetrators are attempting to deceive the traveling public.

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Augusta, Feb 3, 1886. 164d East End Kent

FAIRM AT AUCTION.

THE LAND SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION
 previously disposed of at private sale.
THURSDAY, June 24th, 1886, at 2 o'clock P. M.
 will be sold at public auction, on the premises
 on the east side of the Kennebec river, on the
 farm of the late J. B. Farnham, the following
 Said Farm contains about 160 acres of excellent
 watered, and suitably divided into tillage, past
 woodland, &c. There are on the premises several
 buildings having been built but a few years, and are
 well adapted for the purposes of a large farm
 house, with an L, finished throughout; a large barn
 and other necessary out-buildings. The house is
 situated on a high point of land, and the view
 from the rear, and commanding a fine view of
 Augusta, making it from its favorable location
 a most desirable place of residence, and well
 adapted for a country seat, and is situated
 in the State.
 Also, Farming Tools, Carriages, Harnesses
 will be sold at the same time and place. Terms
 made known at the time of sale. Should the
 property be sold, the purchaser is to stand to the
 day.
 For further information inquire on the subject
 of BERT THOMAS of Hallowell; or of the subscriber.

New Hampshire.
Augusta, May, 1856.

NOTICE.

ALL persons interested in the College Colon and Manufacturing Company, are hereby notified that a meeting of said Corporation will be held at said Mills, on Tuesday the 3d day of June next, at 10 A. M., to organize and transact any business that may come before them.

JOSEPH B. BARROW

May 20, 1856.

HEBRON ACADEMY.

SUMMER TERM.

THE Summer Term of this Institution will open on MONDAY, June 23, 1856, at the College of FERRISBOTH, A. B., Principal, with such Assistants as may be appointed.

An extra opportunity will be afforded those preparing for College; also in the departments of Book-Keeping, Penmanship, &c.

Instruction, including washing and lights, will be furnished for \$2.00 per week.

Tuition, from \$2.40 to \$5.50 per term of ten weeks.

JOSEPH B. BARROW

May 12th, 1856.

NOTICE TO DONORS

HOUSE FOR SALE.
A HOUSE, situated on Green Street, Aug. Mr. Thomas Butman's, is offered for sale on the premises. Enquire of G. W. DELANO, Augustine CHAPMAN, on the premises.

The Muse.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

LITTLE CHARLIE.—A LAMENT.

O Sunshine, making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet—
The shadows of the coming flowers!

How can you seem so full of joy,
And we so sad and heart-sore?
—Angel of Death! apally thy wings
Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days
For something lost we fancied ours:
We'll miss thee, darling when the spring
Has touched the world to flowers!

Thou wast like that dainty moon
Which shined the violet at its feet:
Thy life was all of golden sun
And silver tears and dew-drops sweet!

For thou wast light, and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet capricious ways
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe red summer days

Was half as wild as thou!
O little Presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A gentle smile upon the wall,
That "naughty hands" made thoughtless!

And broken toys around the house—
Where he has left them they have lain
Waiting for little boy hands
That will not come again!

Will never come again!
Within shadows of the wall below
Lie the cold, and yet we know
It is not Charlie there!

It is not Charlie cold and white,
It is the robe, that, in his fight,
He gently cast aside!
Our darling had no feet!

O rare pale lips! O clouded eyes!
O violet eyes grown dim and grey!
Ah! well! this little look of life
Is all of him that we can keep!

For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him we miss so sore!
Than all our life has taught!

God, walking over starry spheres,
Did pass his tiny hand,
And led him, through a fall of tears,
Into the mystic land!

Angel of Death! we question not
Who bleeds the heart, "why does it rain?"
Angels! we beseech, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of Pain!

No "wherefore," or "to what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought. We bow our heads!
He gives his beloved sleep!

The Story-Teller.

From Household Words.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

The red and yellow light played full on the
weld face of the old man as he lay opposite to it,
and glanced furtively on the figures of Rose,
Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy
shadow rose and fell, and grew and lessened
in bulk about the walls like wisps of darkness,
animated by a supernatural spirit-life; while the
dome of obscurity outside spreading before the
curtain window seemed as a wall of solid
darkness that had closed in forever around the
fisherman's house. The night-scene within the
cottage was almost as wild and dreary to look
upon as the night-scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the
room sat together without speaking, even with-
out looking at each other. At last, the girl
turned and whispered something into Gabriel's
ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?"
asked the child opposite, seizing the first oppor-
tunity of breaking the desolate silence—doubtless
dear to her age—which was preserved by all
around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply,
"that it was time to change the bandages on
his arm; and I also said to him, what I have
often said before, that he must never play at
that terrible game of the *Soule*, again."

The old man had been looking intently at
Rose and his grandchild as she spoke. His
hollow eyes mingled with the last soft tones
of the young girl, repeating over and over again
the same terrible words: "Drowned! drowned!
Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! grandfater," said Gabriel, "we
must not lose all hope for them yet. God and
the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked
at the little old image, and crossed himself; the
others imitated him, except the old man. He
still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still
repeated, "Drowned! drowned!"

"Oh, that accursed *Soule*!" groaned the young
man. "But for this *Soule* I should have been
with my father. The poor boy's life might at
least have been saved, for we should have left
him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from
the bed. "The wall of dying men rise louder
than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars
higher than the roaring wind. Be silent, and
listen! Francis drowned! Pierre drowned! Hank
drowned!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house
as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpow-
ering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash
of the waves. The slumbering child awoke,
and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had
been kneeling before her lover, binding the fresh
bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her
occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel
looked toward the window; his experience
told him what must be the fury of that
blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly
as he murmured to himself, "God help them
both—man's help will be as nothing to them
now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in
altered tones—very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or did not attend to the old
man. He was trying to soothe and encourage
the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be fright-
ened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and
tenderly on the forehead. "You are safe here as
anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it
would be madness to attempt taking you back
to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep
in that room, Rose, when you are tired—you
can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel! brother Gabriel!" cried one of the
children. "O! look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man
had raised himself to a sitting position; his eyes
were dilated, his whole face was rigid with
terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively
towards his grandson. "The White Women!"
he screamed. "The White Women! the grave-
diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!"

The children, with cries of terror, flung them-
selves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an
exclamation of horror, and started back from the
bed-side. Still the old man reiterated, "The
White Women! The White Women! Open the
door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the
ebb has left the sand dry. You'll see them
bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as
the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over
the sea, in their long white garments, with their
white hair trailing far behind them! Open the
door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover
over the place where your father and your
brother have been drowned; you'll see them
come on till they reach the sand; you'll see
them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon
awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead.
Open the door, Gabriel—or, though it should
be the death of me, I will get up and open my
self!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but
he made a sign that he would obey. It required
the exertion of his whole strength to keep the
door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak
the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried
the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness—pitch darkness,"
answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather,
sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Dark-
ness to you, but bright as lightning to the eyes
that are allowed to see them. Drowned!
drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel—I see
the White Women even where I lie, and I see
them pray for them. Son and grandson drowned!
both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the
children. "Grandfather is very ill to night,"
he whispered. "You had all better go into the
bed-room, and leave me alone to watch him."

Rose rose as he spoke, crossed themselves be-
fore the image of the Virgin, kissed him once by
one, and without uttering a word, softly
entered the little room on the other side of the
partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather and
saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes
closed, as if he were already dropping asleep.
The young man then heaped some fresh logs on
the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morn-
ing. Very dreary was the morning of the night-
storm; but it was not more dreary than the
thoughts which now occupied him in his soli-
tude—thoughts darkened and distorted by the
terrible superstitions of his country and his
race. Ever since the period of his mother's
death he had been oppressed by the conviction
that some curse hung over the family. At first
they had been prosperous, they had got money,
a little legacy had been left them. But this
good fortune had availed only for a time; it had
disappeared strangely and suddenly since
then. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want
itself had overwhelmed them; his father's
temper had become so sour that the oldest
friends of Francis Sarzeau declared he was
changed beyond recognition. And now, all this
past misfortune—the steady, withering, house-
hold blight of many years—had ended in the
last worst misery of all—in death. The fate of
his father and his brother admitted no longer
of a doubt, and he knew it, as he listened to
the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's
words, as he called to mind his own experience
of the perils of the sea. And this double be-

revelation had fallen on him just as the time
was approaching for his marriage with Rose;
just when misfortune was most ominous of evil,
just when it was hardest to bear. Forebodings
which he dared not realize began now to mingle
with the bitterness of the grief, whenever his
thoughts wandered from the present to the
future; and as he sat by the lonely fire-side,
murmuring from time to time the church prayer
for the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled
with it another prayer, expressed only in his
own simple words, for the safety of the living—
for the young girl whose love was his earthly
treasure; for the motherless children who must
now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time,
absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round
towards the bed, when he was startled by hear-
ing the sound of his grandfather's voice once
more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man,
trembling and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel,
do you hear a dripping of water—now slow,
now quick again—on the floor at the foot of
my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crack-
ling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm
outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer
and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look
down on the floor—look with all your eyes. Is
the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is
dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers,
and knelt down on the floor to examine it
closely. He started back from the place, as he
saw that it was quite dry—the torch dropped
upon the hearth—he fell on his knees before the
statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command
you! Is the floor wet?" asked the old man,
quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went
back to the bedside, and whispered to him that
no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage.
As he spoke the words he saw a change pass
over his grandfather's face; the sharp features
seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager
expression for vague and death-like in an
instant. The voice, too, altered; it was harsh
and querulous no more; it was low and solemn,
when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip, drip, faster
and plainer than ever. That ghastly dripping
of water is the last and the worst of the fatal
signs which have told of your father's and
your brother's deaths to-night, and I know
from the place where I hear it—the foot of the
bed I lie on—that it is a warning to me of my
own approaching end. I am called where your
son and my grandson have gone before me; my
weary time is over at last. Don't let Rose and
the children come in here, if they should awake
—they are too young to look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled when he heard these
words—when he touched his grandfather's hand,
and felt the chill it struck to his own—when he
listened to the raging wind, and knew that all
help was miles and miles away from the cot-
tage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness,
and the distance, he thought not for a moment
of neglecting the duty that had been taught
him from his childhood—the duty of summon-
ing the priest to the bedside of the dying. "I
must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you
while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel!
I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather—your confession—"
"It must be made to you. In this darkness
and this hurricane no man can keep the path
across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying—I
should be dead before you got back. Gabriel!
for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here
with me till I die—my time is short—I have a
terrible secret that I must tell to somebody be-
fore I draw my last breath! Your ear to my
mouth—quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was
audible on the other side of the partition, the
door half opened, and Rose appeared at it,
looking anxiously into the room. The vigi-
lance of the old man—suspicious even in
death—caught sight of her directly. "Go
back!" he exclaimed faintly before she could
utter a word, "go back—push her back, Ga-
briel, and nail down the latch in the door, if
she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose, go in again," implored Gabriel.
"Go in and keep the children from disturbing
us. You will only make him worse—you can
be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the
door again. While the old man clutched him-
self by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!
—your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard
the words to the children, (who were both awake),
"Let us pray for grandfather!" And, as he
knew that by the bed-side, there stole on his
ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sister,
and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl,
who was teaching them the prayer, mingling
divinely with the solemn wailing of the wind
and sea, rising in still and awful purity over the
howling, gasping whippers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel—lean
down closer!" he wailed, and they must hear
a word in that room—I took an oath not to tell
it; but death is a warrant to all men for break-
ing such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a
word I'm saying! Don't look away into the
room; the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it
forever! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now
your father's dead, I can't carry the horrid
secret with me into the grave. Just remember,
Gabriel—try if you can't remember the time
before I was bed-ridden—ten years ago and
more—it was about six weeks, you know, before
your mother's death; you can remember it by
that. You and all the children were in that
room with your mother; you were all asleep,
I think; it was night, not very late—only nine
o'clock. Your father and I were standing at
the door, looking out at the heath in the moon-
light. He was so poor at that time, he had
been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of
the neighbors would take him out fishing with
them—your father wasn't liked by a stranger of
the neighbors. Well; we saw a strange coming
towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack
on his back. He looked like a gentleman, tho'
he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and
told us he was dead tired, and didn't think he
could reach the town that night, and asked if
we would give him shelter till morning. And
your father said yes, if he would make no noise,
because the wife was ill and the children were
asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to
sleep himself before the fire. We had nothing to
give him but black bread. He had better
food with him than that, and undid his knap-
sack—at that it—and—Gabriel! I'm sink-
ing—drink! something—and—Gabriel! I'm parched
with thirst!"

Silent, and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some
of the cider from the pitcher on the table into
a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man.
Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him
was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes bright-
ened a little, and he went on in the same whis-
pering tones as before.

He pulled the foot out of his knapsack
rather late in the evening, so that some of the
other mules in it fell to the floor. Among these
was a pocket-book, which your father picked
up and gave him back; and he put it in his
coat-pocket—there was a tear in one of the sides
of the book, and through the hole some bank-
notes bulged out. I saw them and so did your
father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close;
there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well,
he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with
us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and
gave me four or five livres, and then lay down
before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his
eyes, your father looked at me in a way I didn't
like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and
desperately some time past; being soured about
poverty, and your mother's illness, and the con-
stant crying out of you children for more to
eat. So, when he told me to go and buy some
money, some bread, and some wine with the
money I had got, I didn't like, somehow, to
leave him with the stranger; and so made ex-
cuses, saying (which was true) that it was too
late to buy things in the village that night. But
he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid
me, and knock the people up if the shop was
shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid
of your father—as indeed we all were at that
time—but I couldn't make up my mind to go
far from the house; I was afraid of something
happening, though I didn't dare to think what.
I don't know how it was; but I stole back in
about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage;
and looked in at the window; and saw—O!
God forgive him! O, God forgive me—I saw
—I—more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak
again—more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but
in the minutes of silence which now ensued,
Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and vis-
ing her good night. They were all three trying
to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray yourself, and teach your
children after you to pray, that your father
may find forgiveness when he is now gone. I
saw him, plainly as I now see you, kneeling,
with his knife in one hand over the sleeping
man. He was taking the little book with the
notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got
the book into his possession, and held it tight
in his hand for an instant, thinking, I be-
lieve—O, no! no! I'm sure, he was repenting;
I'm sure he was going to put the book back;
but just at that moment the stranger moved,
and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking
up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew
too strong for your father—I saw him lift the
hand with the knife in it—but saw nothing
more. I couldn't look at the window—I
couldn't move away—I couldn't cry out; I
stood with my back turned towards the house,
shivering all over, though it was a warm sum-
mer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all,
from the room behind me. I was too fright-
ened to know how long it was before the opening
of the cottage door made me turn round; but
when I did, I saw your father standing before
me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his
arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had
shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth.
Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob in that
way! Still it with the bedclothes. Hush!
you'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel—Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from
behind the partition. "What has happened?
Gabriel! let me come out and be with you!"

"No!" cried the old man collecting the
last remains of his strength in the attempt to
speak above the wind, which was just then
howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are—
don't speak—don't come out, I command
you!" (his voice dropped to a faint
whisper, "raise me up in bed—you must hear
the whole of it, now—raise me. I'm choking
so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and
listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?
Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if
I didn't swear to keep it secret; and in terror
of my life I swore. He made me help him car-
ry the body—we took it all across the heath—
(O! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—
lift me higher, Gabriel.) You know the great
stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you
know the hollow place under the stones they
call 'The Merchant's Table'—we had plenty of
room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and
then we ran back to the cottage. I never got
near the place afterwards; no, nor your father
either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking
further!) He turned the pocket-book and the
knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the
money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're
not listening close enough!) Your father said
it was a legacy, when you and your mother
asked about the money. (You hurt me, you
shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you say like
that.) It brought a curse on us, the money;
the curse has drowned your father and your
brother; the curse is killing me; but I've con-
fessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died.
Stop here; stop Rose! I hear her getting up.
Take his bones away from 'The Merchant's
Table,' and bury them, for the love of God!—
and tell the priest—(lift me higher till I'm
on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd mur-
der me—but tell the priest—because of my
guilty soul—to pray to—pray to, and to pray to
pray always for Rose!"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering
of the old man—though no word that he said
reached her ear—she shrank from opening the
door in the partition. But, when the whisper-
ing sounds—which terrified her, she knew not
how or why—first faltered, then ceased alto-
gether; when she heard the sobs that followed
them; and when her heart told her who was
weeping in the next room—then she began to
be influenced by a new feeling, which was
stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened
the door without hesitating—almost without
trembling.

The coverlid was drawn over the old man;
Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his
face hidden. When she spoke to him he neither
answered nor looked at her. After a while, the
sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never
moved—except once when she touched him, and
then he shuddered under her hand! She called
in her little sisters, and they spoke to him, and
still he uttered no word in reply. They wept.
One by one, often and often, they entreated him
with loving words; but the stupor of grief
which held him speechless and motionless was
beyond the power of human tears, stronger even
than the strength of human love.

It was now daybreak, and the storm was les-
sening—but still no change occurred at the bed-
side. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Ga-
briel, still vainly endeavoring to arouse him to a
sense of her presence, she thought she heard
the old man breathing feebly, and stretched
out her hand towards the coverlid; but she
could not summon courage to touch him; she
looked at him. This was the first time she had
been present at a death-bed; the stillness
in the room, the stupor of despair that she
saw in Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was
almost as helpless as the two children by her side.
It was not till the dawn looked in at the cot-
tage window—so coldly, so drearily, and yet so
reassuring—that she began to recover her self-
possession again. Then she saw that her best
resource would be to summon assistance im-
mediately from the nearest house. While she
was trying to persuade the two children to re-
main alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during
her temporary absence, she was startled by the

sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened,
and a man appeared on the threshold, standing
still there for a moment in the dim uncertain
light. She looked closer—looked intently at him.
It was Francis Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—
always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but
little altered in expression by the perils through
which he must have passed during the night.
Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms.
The astonishment and fright of the first mo-
ment, Rose screamed as she recognized him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly,
advancing straight to the hearth with his bur-
den, "don't make a noise. You never expected
to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave
ourselves up as lost, and only escaped after all
by a miracle." He laid the boy down where
he could get the full warmth of the fire; and
then, turning round, took a wicker-covered
bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it hadn't
been for the brandy!" He stopped sud-
denly—started—put down the bottle on the
bench near him—and advanced quickly to the
bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw
Gabriel, who had risen when the door was
opened, moving back from the bed as Francis
approached. The young man's face seemed to
have been suddenly struck to stone—his blank,
ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He
glanced slowly backward till he came to the cot-
tage wall—then stood quite still, staring on his
father with wild vacant eyes, moving his hands
to and fro before him, muttering; but never
pronouncing one audible word.

Francis did not appear to notice his son; he
had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "He
youth the matter here?" he asked, as he drew
it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it,
and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that
his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered
nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone,
as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in
the night before his death happened? Did he
wander in his mind? He has been rather light-
headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the
ghostly wanderings that we know of; he said
he saw and heard many things which told him
from the other world that you and Pierre—
Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting
herself. "Look at him! Look at his face!
Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment Francis was raising his
father's head to look closely at him. A faint
spasm had indeed passed over the deadly face;
the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. Francis
shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily
from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel
started from the wall; his expression altered,
his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched
up the wicker-covered bottle, and poured all the
little brandy that was left in it down his grand-
father's throat. The effect was nearly instan-
taneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desper-
ately. The old man's eyes opened again, wan-
dered round the room, then fixed themselves in-
tensely on Francis, as he stood near the fire.

Trying and terrible as his position was at that
moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession
enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear.
"Go back again into the bedroom, and take the
children with you," he said. "We have some-
thing to speak about which you had better
not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trembling
all over," said Francis. "If he is dying at all,
he is dying of cold; help me to lift him, bed
and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped
the old man. "Don't let him look at me in
that way! Don't let him come near me, Ga-
briel! Is it his ghost? or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at
the door. His father opened it; and disclosed
to view some people from the neighboring fish-
ing village, who had come—more out of curi-
osity than sympathy—to inquire whether
Francis and the boy, Pierre, had survived the
night. Without asking any one to enter, the
fisherman sturdily and shortly answered the
various questions addressed to him, standing in
his doorway. While he was thus engaged,
Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering van-
tantly to himself—"Last night—how about last
night, grandson? What was I talking about
last night? Did I say your father was drowned?
Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then
see him come back alive again! But it wasn't
that—I'm so weak in my head, I can't remem-
ber! What was it, Gabriel? Something too
horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whis-
pering and trembling about? I said nothing
horrible. A crime! Bloodshed? I know noth-
ing of any crime or bloodshed here—I must
have been frightened out of my wits to talk in
that way! The Merchant's Table? Only a
heap of old stones! What with the storm, and
thinking I was going to die, and being
afraid about your father, I must have been
light-headed. Don't give another thought to
that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We
shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for
talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in
his sleep. Ah! poor old man—last night—
light-headed—fancies and nonsense of an old
man—why don't you laugh at that?"

He stopped suddenly. A low cry, partly of
terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the
look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning
which had distorted his face while he had been
speaking, faded from it forever. He shivered
a little—breathed heavily once or twice—then
became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood
on his lips?

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Dog's Jew's Harp. A brace of paddies
having landed in Boston, from the Emerald Isle,
went to a tavern and called for dinner. The
landlord informed them that he had no victuals
prepared but apple dumplings, which were ac-
cordingly set before them. One says to the
other, "What kind of meat is this? I never
saw the like in Ireland." "Arrah, by my
show!" said the other, "but I'll soon be after
finding out if it be poison or not," and threw
one of the dumplings under the table to a large
dog, who instantly seized it. The heat of it
severely burning the dog's mouth, the animal
began to whine and howl, and paw his mouth
with his fore foot, making a great noise. "Ah,
and surely it's a dog's Jew's Harp; only hear
how sweetly he plays!"

A FAIR RETORT. In a speech lately, Mr. Cob-
den said that he once asked an enthusiastic
American lady why her country could not rest
satisfied with the immense uncultivated territories
it already possessed, but must ever be looking
after the lands of its neighbors. Her somewhat
remarkable reply was, "Oh! the propensity
is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly
by it, for we inherited it from our fathers."

SUSPICIOUS CHARLES.—Charles, did poor lit-
tle Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck
when you lost him?" "Charles—" "Yes, yes, the
poor little creature, have you seen him?" "Charles
—No, not exactly, but there's a piece of pink
ribbon in the sausage."

WESTERN LAND AGENCY.

Persons desiring to remove West, or invest in Western
real estate, are invited to call at the office of the
agent, who will be glad to furnish them with all the
information relative to the Western country, and point them out
the best routes, and the best places to settle in.

Maps of the Western States, showing the lands offered for
sale by large land companies, and lists of a large share of
the lands offered for sale throughout the West, prairie, timber,
improved and unimproved lands, with full descriptions of
the same, and of the terms of payment. Also, a list of the
REAL PRODUCTIONS, COALS, and other minerals, from
many different localities may also be seen, and thus the em-
igrant be able to gain such valuable information from the
mass of collected matter.

From a knowledge of the West, gained by five years' ex-
perience and close observation, the subscriber feels confident
of being able to give most judicious advice, and will
be happy to do so gratis, and furnish letters of introduction
correspondents in all parts of the West. Maps of Illinois,
showing the
LANDS OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R. CO.,
and descriptions of full particulars relating to them.
To Colonists, very favorable inducements are held out by
large land companies, and other matters of interest, and
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The extensive connection with Western land agencies, en-
ables the subscriber to place great facilities for purchasing
land in the West. Persons having property in the West can
in the way of all. Persons having property in the West can
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where information can be obtained in relation to the West.
No. 34 Union Building, Boston. W. B. YOUNG,
agent.

LAND AGENCY.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.
The undersigned having taken special pains to post him-
self in the Land Business of the West, and desiring
to spend the coming Summer in Iowa, and to visit
and offer his services to the public in selecting and
selling Land Warrants.

Lands carefully selected and Warrants located.
Lands entered on time to actual settlers.
Lands for sale and other business brought and sold.
Collections made, Taxes paid, and other business attended
to for a reasonable commission.

Harmonies, Andrew C. Flint, James T. Egan, Esq., Hon.
Geo. W. Fisk, Hon. Samuel Farrar, Bangor.
John T. Egan, Esq., Hon. Nathan L. Woodbury, Portland.
Henry D. Egan, Esq., Hon. E. D. Peters & Co., Boston.
Pillsbury & Sanford, New York.
Communications to the agent at Bangor until the first
of May, and after that date at Sioux City, Iowa.
JOHN C. FLINT.
April 8th, 1856.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
THE GREATEST OF THE AGE!
MR. KENNEDY of Roxbury, has discovered in one
of our countrymen a cure for the most terrible
of all humors, from the worst scrofula, down to a com-
mon Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases,
and never failed. It is a cure for the most terrible
over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty
miles of Boston.

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